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1840

IRISH SEA
Liverpool
Holyhead
Anglesey
Beaumaris
Mersey R.
Dee R.
Chester
Flint
Flint
St. Asaph
Denbigh
Denbigh
Caernarvon
Caernarvon
Snowdon
Caernarvon
Merioneth
Montgomery
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
Dongelly
Montgomery
Offa's Dyke
Bardsey I.
Cardigan
Bay
Plinlimmon
Radnor
Rhayder
Hereford
Hereford
Cardigan
Cardigan
Brecknock
Brecon
R. Teifie
St. Davids
Pembroke
Caermarthen
Haverfordwest
Caermarthen
Towy R.
Pembroke
Glamorgan
Monmouth
R. Wye
Monmouth
Chepstow
Bristol
Cardiff
R. Severn
St. George's Channel
BRISTOL CHANNEL
WALES

MUSCIPULA

SIVE

CAMBROMYOMACHIA:

By Edw. Holdsworth.

THE

MOUSE-TRAP,

OR

THE BATTLE OF THE WELSH AND THE MICE;

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH:

WITH OTHER POEMS,

IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN.

Dr Benj. Y. Prime.

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J. D. SPALDING, PR.

TO THE

PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS

OF

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES,

AND TO THE

PRINCIPALS, INSTRUCTERS AND PUPILS

OF

ACADEMIES AND CLASSICAL SCHOOLS,

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED;

WITH THE HOPE,

THAT IT MAY FURNISH A MOTIVE,

TO EXCITE THE YOUTH OF THIS COUNTRY,

NOT ONLY TO THE DILIGENT AND ACCURATE STUDY,

BUT ALSO TO THE THOROUGH ACQUISITION OF THE

DEAD LANGUAGES;

THE ATTAINMENT OF WHICH

HAS, OF LATE YEARS, BECOME UNPOPULAR

WITH A LARGE PORTION OF OUR COUNTRYMEN,

TO THE GREAT LOSS OF MENTAL DISCIPLINE;

AND THE SERIOUS INJURY OF THE INTERESTS OF

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

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PREFACE.

The most of the following poems were written between eighty and ninety years ago ; and are the production of a respectable Physician, who died near the close of the last century.

His manuscripts, which are voluminous, and on various subjects, both literary and scientifick, have remained in the hands of his family, to the present time; and the following selection has been made, merely as a specimen of poetick talent and literary acquirements. The fate of the residue will depend on the reception, with which this volume meets, from the American publick.

The Author was a native of the State of New-York. He was educated at one of the oldest Colleges in this country, at which, he graduated at a very early age, and of which, he was afterwards an officer.

After completing his professional studies and spending several years in the practice of medicine; with the view of qualifying himself for more extensive usefulness in his profession, he voluntarily relinquished a lucrative practice, and the endearments of home, and embarked for Europe. In the course of the voyage, the packet in which he sailed was attacked by a French privateer, and our author was slightly wounded. He, however, arrived in safety, and remained nearly three years abroad, not lounging about the cities, or flying from kingdom to kingdom, merely to gratify an idle curiosity, or to make a boast of what he had seen and where he had been; but in the diligent prosecution of the object, for which he had left his native land and the home of his fond parents, of whom he was then their only surviving child. A large portion of his time was spent on the continent: and at one of the oldest universities, he received the degree of M. D. after undergoing a thorough examination, as his Diploma certifies, "per universam Medicinam;" and delivering a Latin dissertation on an assigned Thesis; and defending the same, "prompte adversus Professorum opponentium argumenta objectionesque;" in compliance with the regulations of the Institution. He also resided several months in the city of London, where he attended a course of Anatomical Lectures, and enjoyed the privileges of one of the publick Hospitals. The associations, in which he was then placed, occasioned some of the most severe satires that ever proceeded from his pen.

Having accomplished the object of his tour, procured some rare and highly valuable additions to his medical library, and furnished himself with surgical instruments, to an extent, possessed by few, at that period, in this country, he returned to his native State, where he continued in the diligent and successful exercise of his profession, to the time of his decease.

Having been a hard student from his early years, and engaged in extensive professional occupation, in reference to which he continued to read and write with singular diligence, much of his leisure was devoted to literary pursuits. The success which attended these efforts may be inferred from the fact, that before he commenced his foreign travels, he had made himself master of seven different languages, several of which were so familiar to him, that he could converse or compose in them, with nearly the same facility, as in his mother-tongue. Hence, many of his MSS. are in those languages. As a literary curiosity, it is worthy of mention, that he has left a Latin versification of the CXVIIth Psalm, in all the varieties of metre, of the different Odes of Horace.

Nor was his attention confined to mere matters of literature, but was directed, with equal interest, to those of a scientifick character. His MSS. show, that the subjects of Chemistry and Electricity, then in their infancy, and other branches of Natural Science had not only arrested his attention, but, led him to investigations and results that would be thought impracticable, with no other apparatus, than his own mechanical genius and skill constructed.

From a very early age, our Author manifested a decided taste for poetry; and this species of composition constituted his principal relaxation, from the labours of study or professional engagements. Many of his MSS. were injured, and some entirely destroyed, in the revolutionary war; his house having been repeatedly plundered by the enemy, to whom he was peculiarly obnoxious, on account of his undisguised whig principles. Several poems of a patriotick character were published at that time; but owing to the existing circumstances of the country, they did not excite that attention, to which, it is believed, their merits entitled them.

The occasion on which the CAMBROMYOMACHIA, the principal poem in this selection, was written, is unknown: and from some remarks on a blank leaf of the translation, a doubt might arise, as to his intention of claiming its authorship. This circumstance, however, is fully explained, on the supposition, that he was preparing to publish it *anonymously*, which had been the uniform mode of all his former publications.

That it is of American origin, there is no reason to doubt. And that the Translator was fully adequate to the composition of the original, is evident, from the multifarious productions of his pen; if not from the few specimens which this little volume furnishes. The Poem has been submitted to the examination of many literary gentlemen, some of whom were educated in Europe, who unitedly declare that they never saw or heard of the work before. That our author did not possess himself of the poem in his foreign travels, is evident from the fact, that the translation was made shortly after he graduated, which was before he had attained the twentieth year of his age, and several years before he sailed for Europe.

That it possesses great merit as a Latin Poem, no person thoroughly acquainted with that language will venture to dispute. With the bare exception of a few modern names unknown to the ancients, the Latin is that of the Augustan age. And in regard to the versification, the whole poem has been repeatedly scanned, with entire satisfaction, by classes of advanced scholars, under one of the most accurate teachers, that the University of Edinburgh ever furnished to this country. And it has been said by one well qualified to judge, that "it is written with the greatest accuracy; and demonstrates the author to have attained a thorough acquaintance with the Roman language.—The numbers are so exact, the language so elegant and pure, the style so well adapted to the subject, in every part, and the descriptions so lively, that it had not been unworthy of a Roman born."

Of the merits of the Translation, as such, the learned reader alone is a competent judge. That it should be fully equal to the original is not to be expected, when we consider the superior strength and copiousness of the Latin tongue, and the peculiar fitness of its rules of versification, especially in heroick measure, to diversified description. There is, however, an aptness and liveliness in this respect, that will not be overlooked by the scholar, and which cannot fail to interest the mere English reader. Though the translation is not literal, and in some respects, may be denominated 'free,' yet the true sense of the original is singularly maintained. This last remark applies to the other translations in the volume. To afford the reader an opportunity of readily making a comparison, the two Odes of Dr. Watts, the one in Latin and the other in English, and an Ode of Horace, are printed side by side, with their respective versions. In regard to the English Poems, the mere English reader will be able to form his own opinion. To say they are superior to much that passes for poetry, in the present day, would be saying very little in their favour. And it will be no

disparagement of their merits, in the view of patriotick Americans, that they were written by a native citizen, almost a century ago, who, by his pen, if not by his sword, bore an active part, in the struggle of his country for freedom, and in the defence of her institutions after she had achieved her independence.

It is proper to inform the reader, that the Notes have been recently compiled, to illustrate the historical and other allusions in the text, and to give additional interest to the Poems. They have been extended beyond what is necessary for the Classical scholar, for the benefit of less informed readers.

No apology is deemed necessary for the heterogeneous matter and arrangement of the present volume, as the design of the publication is merely to present a specimen of the Author's writings.

It has often been said, to the reproach of our country, that it has produced few distinguished scholars, in any department of literature or science. This reflection, in some respects, merited, instead of exciting our youth to wipe off the foul aspersion, appears to have operated as a discouragement to those exertions, which their talents and increased advantages, would otherwise warrant. If the present publication should add any thing, however little, to the stock of American literature, and encourage and excite the rising generation to cultivate the study of languages and the fine arts, the Proprietor will have the satisfaction of having conferred a benefit on his country, while paying a just tribute of respect to the memory of a revered ancestor.

New-York, August 5th, 1840.

It has been asserted that Dr Prime is not the author of the original letters in Miscellanies. W. L. P.

PROGRAMME.

'The CAMBROMYOMACHIA, as to its chief design, is a Satire on the Welsh nation. It will be found, however, to have the air of an Epick Poem: and, herefore, although satire and epick poetry, according to the opinion of critcks, are incompatible, yet I will venture to style it, a SATIRICO-EPICK POEM, whose hero is no less a personage than ST. DAVID, Archbishop of St. David's. However satirical the production, and ludicrous the subject, the great moral of the story is this: that, ART AND STRATAGEM CAN PERFORM WITH EASE, THAT WHICH FORCE, IN ALL ITS FORMS, ATTEMPTS IN VAIN.'

And when we consider, how often those small, and, in themselves, trifling incidents, which are generally regarded as the result of accident, have led the way to many interesting discoveries, that have contributed greatly to the advancement of science, and suggested important inventions and improvements in the mechanick arts; the ludicrous occurrence, which happened to our hero, while reposing on his bed, will not be regarded as destitute of the importance attached to it, in the following production.

The Notes, to which reference is made, will be found in the Appendix.

MUSCIPULA

SIVE

CAMBROMYOMACHIA.*

LIBER I.

Monticolam Britonem, qui primus vincula muri
Finxit, et ingenioso occlusit carcere furem,
Lethalesque dolos, et inextricabile fatum,
Musa refer! Tu Phœbe potens,(nam te quoque quondam
Muribus infestum dixerunt,) Smynthëe† Vates,
O faveas; et tot Chambrorum è montibus, unum
Accipiens vice Pindi,‡ adsis, dum pingere versu
Res tenues humilique juvat colludere Musa.

Mus, inimicum animal, predari et vivere rapto
Suetum, impunè diû, spolii quâ innata libido
Jusserat, erravit, sceleratam exercuit artem

*See note A. †B. ‡C.

THE MOUSE-TRAP

OR

THE BATTLE OF THE WELSH AND THE MICE.

CANTO I.

The British Mountaineer of wond'rous mind,
Who, first of men, a Mouse-trap's plan design'd,
Who artful, first the wily prison wrought,
Sing, laughing Muse, and how a mouse he caught.
Say, by what arts, he trapp'd the pilfering foe,
And hopeless lost in labyrinths of wo.
--And since the mice, as laurel'd bards relate,
Once felt thy wrath, and fell beneath thy hate,
Favour, Great Smyntheus! and, from all, assume
Some Cambrian mountain, in thy Pindus' room;
Present thereon, assist, while I rehearse
These little things, in correspondent verse.
Long did the Mouse, a noxious animal, rove
Safely where'er rapacious nature drove;
Greedy of spoil, nor of revenge afraid,
On ev'ry side, he drove his cursed trade:

Impavidus, saliensque hinc illinc, cuncta maligno
Corrupit dente, et patinâ malè lusit in omni.
Nil erat intactum, sed ubique domesticus hostis
Assiduus conviva aderat; non mœnia furtis
Obstare, aut vectes poterant servare placentas
Robustæve fores: quà non data porta, peredit
Ac sibi introitum, dapibusque indulsit inemptis.

Pestis at hæc totum dum serpsit inulta per orbem,
Cambria* precipuè flevit, quia caseus illic
Multus olet, quem mus non æquè ac plurima libat,
Aut levitur tantùm arrodit, sed dente frequente
Excavat interiusque domos exculpit edules.

Gens tota incensa est super his rabiesque dolorque
Discruciant animos; frendent, juga summa pererrant;
Stare loco ignorant; nam Cambris prona furori† 26
Corda calent, subitâque ignescunt pectora bile,
Cum digitis credas animos quoque sulphure tinctos.

---

* Note D. † E.

Skipp'd here and there, and ravag'd all around,
With tooth malignant nibbled all he found,
Nor left a dish, before he left a wound.
No choicest bit escap'd the general pest,
This home-bred foe was ev'ry where a guest:
No walls or grates, no barricado'd door
Could brave his thefts, or keep the loaves secure:
For soon he'd gnaw himself a door alone,
And boldly feast on dainties not his own.

But whilst this pest crept plund'ring round the world,
Still safe from vengeance, on his robb'ries hurl'd,
No land with Wales, had equal losses borne;
No other land had equal cause to mourn.
Plenty itself her miseries procur'd;
Her fragrant cheese the wand'ring mouse allur'd;
Cheese, to a mouse, a delicate repast,
Most else he nibbles, sated with a taste;
Not so the cheese; on this he often falls,
Gnaws houses out, and feasts upon the walls.

Th' afflicted nation now its losses mourns,
And now incensed with rage, indignant burns:
They gnash their teeth, and o'er the mountains run,
Resistless wrath impetuous drives them on:
Welsh furious passions ev'ry soul inspire,
Flame in their breasts, and set them all on fire.
Sulphur, (you'd thought, so hot their rage became,)
Daub'd not their fingers only, but the same
O'erspread their minds, to feed the mighty flame.

LIBER II.

Ergo, jubente irâ, dignas cum sanguine pœnas
Sumere discretum est; sed quâ ratione latronem
Tam cautum illaqueent, quo vindice furta repellant,
Incertum: neque felis enim tua, Cambre, tueri
Tecta, nec adversis poterat succurrere rebus.
Illa, quidem varias posuit circum ora cavernæ
Insidias;* tacitoque pede ad cava limina repens,
Excubias egit; Frustrà: Mus nempe pusillo
Corpore securus, tanto et præstantior hoste,
Quo minor, intentum prædæ si fortè videret
Custodem ante fores, retro irruit inque recessus
Aufugit curvos atque invia felibus antra;
Inde caput metuens iterum proferre, nec ausus
Excursus tentare novos, nisi castra moveret
Prædo, atque omne aberat vigili cum fele periclum.
Sic Cambri† (Cambros liceat componere muri)
Elusêre hostes, cùm Julius, orbe subacto,

*Note F. †G.

CANTO II.

'Tis then resolv'd, (vindictive wrath commands,)
The Mouse shall suffer what his crime demands.
But how t'ensnare the cautious thief, unknown,
Or who'd engage to see the justice done.
Nor could thy cat thy house, O Cambrian, guard,
Or grant deliv'rance, from a lot so hard.
She oft, indeed, around his cavern stray'd,
And ey'd his hole, in silent ambuscade;
And softly creeping to his threshold there
Maintain'd her watch, but fruitless all her care:
The happy mouse, in a small skin secure,
The less he is, outbraves the cat the more:
For, if he saw her waiting, at the gates,
He backward skipp'd, within his crook'd retreats,
Through all the windings of his cavern, where,
He safe remain'd, no cat could enter there.
Thus warn'd he fear'd to peep without the door,
Nor durst he venture from his refuge more,
Until the siege was rais'd and all the danger o'er.
So once the Cambrians, when Great Cæsar's arms
Infested warlike Britain with alarms,
And join'd it to his empire, could elude
Those foes, who Britain and the world subdu'd.
Forgive me Cambrians, that I now compare
Your ancestors to mice, for such they were:

Imperio adjecit Britonas, sic nempe recessit
Ad latebras Gens tota, et inexpugnabile vallum
Montes. Sic sua saxa inter medioque ruinæ
Delituit tuta, et desperans vincere, vinci
Noluit; hinc priscos memorant longo ordine patres,
Indomitasque crepant terras, linguæque senectam.

LIBER III.

Felinos igitur postquam Mus sæpiùs ungues
Fugerat, et Britoni spes non erat ulla salutis
A socio belli, supremo in limine terræ
Concilium accitur, quâ nunc Menevia* plorat
Curtatos mitræ titulos et nomen inane
Semisepultæ urbis; properant hinc inde frequentes
Patresque proceresque et odorum sulphure vulgus.
Tum Senior, cui sæpe suis in montibus hircus
Prolixam invidit barbam, cuique ora manusque
Prisca incrustavit scabies, spectabilis aulâ

*Note H.

Too weak for victors, and too proud for slaves,
All mouse-like fled, to steeps and secret caves,
And crags, a fort that all assault outbraves.
So unmolested, with the wars beneath,
They skulk'd, with safety, in the midst of death;
And hence, her sons rehearse a num'rous throng
Of ancestors, and hence, they hold so long
Their land unconquer'd, and their ancient tongue.

CANTO III.

In vain the cat her watchful art employ'd
To catch the mouse, as watchful to avoid:
Thus, when the foe had long escap'd the snare
And Cambria's hopes had vanish'd in despair;
A council's summon'd, on their utmost coast,
Where now St. David's mourns her glory lost,
The Mitre's curtail'd dignity and grace,
Her ancient fame half-buried in disgrace;
Fathers and nobles, and with brimstone strong,
A vulgar herd promiscuous haste along,
And crowds, from ev'ry quarter to the council, throng.
Then, in the centre of the hall, appear'd
A grave old father, with as grave a beard:
His mountain goats oft view'd it, as it hung,
Invidious leer'd, and wish'd their own as long.
His hands and face a scabby covering wore
Nor then alone, but many a year before.

Stat mediâ, fractus senio, postique reclinis
Cambrorum vexato humeris ; et gutture ab imo
Densas præcipitans voces : " Non, inquit, aperto
" De bello, sed furto agitur ; non exterus hostis,
" Sed majus graviusque malum ; nimis intimus hospes
" Compulit huc populum, dominabitur usque tyrannus
" Mus petulans ! Vos ergo patres, venerabilis ordo ;
" Queis patriæ pretiosa salus, finite dolores
" Consilio tantos, et si spes ulla supersit,
" Propitias adhibete manus ; sic Cadvaladeri*
" Dum clarescat honos, vestra hìc quoque gloria crescet."
Dixit ; et ante oculos, fragmenta et mucida tollens
Frustula, reliquias furti, monumenta rapinæ
Exacuit Cambrorum iras, nunc æmulus ardor,
Vindictæ, nunc laudis amor, sub pectore patrum
Ardet, inauditam meditatur quisque ruinam
Muri, Muscipulamque statim extudit omne cerebrum.

*Note I.

A post, by lolling Cambrians worn, the sage
Supports, half-sunk beneath the weight of age;
On this reclin'd, thick huddling word on word,
In hollow sounds, he thus address'd the Board.
"We're here conven'd, the only refuge left,
"But not of open war t'advise, but theft:
"A guest at home, not foreign foes, alarms;
"An ill far worse than hostile troops in arms.
"Still shall the mouse tyrannick empire hold?
"Still must his ins'lence triumph uncontroll'd?
"No! honour'd Fathers, at a higher rate
"I know you prize the safety of the state:
"By balmy counsels, then, relieve the pains
"Your country suffers, while th' intruder reigns:
"And if there's hope, the means advis'd pursue,
"Thus give her comfort and deliv'rance too.
"As long as great Cadwallader's name is known,
"Yours, too, shall shine still brighter in renown."
He said, and straight in view of all the crowd,
Some old mouse-eaten mouldy fragments show'd.
These monuments of suffered rapine seen
Whet up their anger to an edge more keen;
Each father's bosom, with intense desires,
Now rival-vengeance, now ambition fires;
To merit glory and the mouse destroy,
Strange schemes of death their busy thoughts employ;
Each noddle labours, and, with mental pain,
A Mouse-trap's hammer'd out in ev'ry brain.

At quidem, ante alios notus cognomine Taffi,*
Et magis ingenio celebris, (cui Cambria nunquam
Equalem peperit, faber idem, idemque senator
Eximius,) sic orsus erat: "Si gloria gentis,
"Caseus intereat, metuo ne tota colonum
"Deficiat cœna, et mensæ decus omne secundæ
"Divitibus pereat; quoniam ergo Cambria virtus
"Et feles nequeant superare hæc monstra, fabrilis
"Dextera quid possit; quid machina vafra dolique
"Experiar; (dolus an virtus quid in hoste requirit?)"
Talia jactantem circumstant undique fixis
Hærentes oculis sperata gaudia læto
Murmure certatim testantur, et unde salutem
Promissam expectent, rogitant, ardentque doceri.
Ille caput scalpens, (nam multùm scalpere Cambris
Expedit,) horrendùm subrisit, et ora resolvens,

*Note K.

But one nam'd Taffi, known above the rest,
With great renown and greater wisdom blest,
(Whose equal Wales had ne'er produc'd before,
Skilful at once as smith and senator,)
Thus spoke the first: "If still the mouse annoys,
"And cheese, the glory of our nation, dies;
"Famine, I fear, will soon invade the poor,
"And second courses, elegant before,
"Can grace the tables of the rich no more.
"Since, then, the cat's and Wallian pow'r are vain,
"And still these monsters unsubdued remain;
"I'll try what fabrile artifice can do,
"And my mechanick stratagems will shew,
"Which, force or craft, will conquer best the foe."
The crowd around gaz'd with attentive look,
And silent listen'd, as the Hero spoke.
But now big hopes in ev'ry breast arise,
And each strives loudest to declare his joys.
Eager they ask, and ask incessant, too,
Whence comes the promis'd safety, all on fire to know.
As need and habit prompt the Welsh, awhile
He scratch'd his head, and grinn'd a ghastly smile;
Then thus his speech resumed: "With toils oppress'd
"When I, last evening, laid me down to rest;

Talia verba refert. "Càm fessus membra quieti
"Hesternâ sub nocte dedi, sopor obruit altus
"Lumina; Mus audax sectatus, opinor, odores
"Quos non concoctus pingui exhalavit ab ore
"Caseus, accessit furtim, et compage solutis
"Faucibus irrepsit jamque ipsa in viscera lapsus;
"Crudas ventris opes rapere, hesternamque paravit
"Heu! malè munito furari è gutture cœnam.
"Excussus subitò somnis, sub dente latronem,
"Dum resilire parat, prensi frustràque rebellem
"Mordaci vinclo astrinxi: sic carcere murem
"Posse capi instructus, nova mox ergastula, mecum
"Hæc meditans, statui fabricare, animoque catenas
"Effinxi tales, mihi quas suggesserat oris
"Captivus. Mirum! O! quali regit omnia lege
"Dextra arcana Jovis! Quàm cœcis passibus errat
"Causarum series! Nobis mus ipse salutem
"Invitus dedit, et quos attulit antè, dolores

"A sleep profound my heavy eyelids clos'd,
"And motionless my weary limbs repos'd;
"My jaws relax'd my opening mouth extend,
"And from the cheese within the steams ascend.
"Meanwhile, a mouse directed by his nose,
"To find the place from which the vapours rose,
"Came softly nigh, slipp'd down the open way,
"And aim'd to make my night's repast his prey.
"Already he my stomach rang'd, nor fear'd
"To rob my belly thus, alas! without a guard.
"Rous'd in a moment, with a sudden bite,
"I crush'd the thievish villain in his flight.
"And though he strove t'escape, he strove in vain,
"Grip'd as he was in such a toothful chain.
"Thus taught, a mouse might be in jail confin'd,
"While I revolv'd the adventure in my mind,
"Resolv'd some bridewell-trap to frame anon,
"I form'd, in thought, a project erst unknown,
"Taught by the hint the captive mouse had giv'n;
"Strange! How mysterious are the laws of heav'n!
"How rules unseen the sovereign hand of Jove!
"How dark the paths where hidden causes rove!
"How intricate their order! wond'rous maze!
"Though fix'd by laws, how difficult to trace!
"The mouse himself, the author of our grief,
"Points out, unwilling, safety and relief;

"Tollere jam docuit; neve hunc habuisse magistrum
"Vos pudeat, patres; Fas est vel ab hoste doceri."
Hæc ubi dicta, domum repetit, comitantur euntem
Plaudentes populi, atque benigna laboribus optant
Omina, tum celeri sua quisque ad limina cursu
Nuncius it, laribusque refert, quæ munera Taffi
Ingenio speranda forent; dumque ordine narrant
Omnia, dumque Deis, ut tanta incepta secundent,
Vota ferunt, monitæ præsago pectore feles
Plus solito lusêre, et (si fas credere famæ)
Sub manibus matrum saliêre coagula lactis.

LIBER IV.

Intereà Taffi manibusque animoque vicissim
Instat magno operi, et "divinâ Palladis arte"*
Muscipulam ædificat; fit machina mira novaque
Inducitur vultus specie tragi-comica moles.

*Note L.

"Nor blush, my sires to be directed so,
"Instruction's no disgrace, tho' giv'n by a foe."
He said: and left the hall and homeward strode,
Amid the applauses of th' attending crowd.
Aloud they cry, "May heav'n auspicious smile,
"Grant lucky omens, and succeed your toil."
Taffi conducted, each to his house returns,
With hasty steps, and with impatience burns,
To tell the joyful news; there, each relates
How Taffi's genius promis'd better fates.
There, while they tell the pleasing story o'er,
And the kind favour of the gods implore;
The wanton cats unusual sports assume,
Their breasts presaging happier times to come.
And, (if belief is just, which fame demands,)
The cheese curds danc'd beneath the matrons' hands.

CANTO IV.

Taffi, meanwhile, bent on his enterprise,
Alternately his hands and thoughts employs.
A mouse-trap by Palladian art he rears,
Complete, at length, the strange machine appears,
And the new pile a tragi-comick figure bears.

Quin age ; si tibi, musa, vacat, spectacula pandas
Infantis fabricæ, et percurrens singula totam
Compagem expedias. Quadrati lamina ligni
Summum imumque tegit ; filorum ferreus ordo
Munit utrumque latus, parvisque uti fulta columnis
Stat domus : introitus patet insidiosus, amicum
Muribus hospitium ostentans ; sed desuper horret
Janua, perniciem minitans, tenuique ruina
Suspensa est filo : (usque adeò sua stamina Parcæ*
Muribus intexunt, et pendent omnia filo.)
In summo tecti, mediâque in parte tabellæ
Stat lignum erectum, scisso cum vertice, cui trabs
Parvula transversim inseritur, justèque libratas
Utrinque extendit palmas, quarum altera quantum
Deprimitur, tantum annexam levat altera portam ;
Interiore domo, per tecti exile foramen
Demissum pendet ferrum, quod mobile ludit
Huc illuc facili tactu ; curvatur in hamum
Infima pars, escamque tenet ; pars altera prendit

*Note M.

And now, if time permit, Muse, let's survey
The infant frame, and all its parts display;—
A square board forms the bottom and the top,
While thread-like wires defend the sides, and prop,
Like little pillars, the new building up.
The ample entrance, with deceitful shew,
Presents the mice a friendly inn in view.
But threat'ning from above the gate impends,
A slender thread the pendulous death suspends:
So true it is, the fatal Three have made
Their webs for mice, and all things hang by thread.
Above the house, full in the midst, is seen
A stick erect, its top divides, between
Transversely fixed a little lever lies,
Its arms extended in just equipoise;
The lower one of which descends the more,
T'other ascends, and mounts aloft the door.
Within the house, an iron hook depends,
Which through a crevice in the roof descends;
That once impell'd, tho' with the gentlest force,
Plays on its axle, with a nimble course.
The hooked part below, the bait sustains,
T'other, meanwhile, the lever's end detains.

Perfidiosa trabem extremam; at cùm senserit hostem
Lethales gustâsse cibos, mora nulla, solutam
Dimittit portam, primumque ulciscitur ictum.
His ita dispositis, pendentem protinùs hamum
Induit insidiis Taffi, exitiosaque muri
Ipsa alimenta facit; sed quò fragrantior esset
Caseus, et murem invitaret longiùs, escam
Fatalem torret flammis vimque addit odori.

LIBER V.

Et jam nox memoranda aderat, cum fessa cubili
Membra levans Taffi, juxta pulvinar amicam
Muscipulam statuit, fidoque satellite tutus
Indulsit facili somno. Gens improba, mures
Lascivi intereà exiliunt, noctisque silentis
Præsidio confisi errant: tum naribus acer
Mus quidam, dux eximius, Diis natus iniquis,
Castra inimica petit, quò grato flamine tostus

But, faithless is its hold; impending fate
Sudden arrests the wretch that dares to eat:
Soon as the foe but tastes the deadly food,
Down falls the portal freed, and claims th' offender's blood.
All thus in order, Taffi, in a trice,
Th' ensnaring morsel to the hook applies.
But that the cheese, more fragrant, might invite
The distant mice, and keener sense excite,
He toasts it, to diffuse its fatal breath,
And thus he makes their food the instrument of death.

CANTO V.

And now, the memorable night came on,
When Taffi wearied with his labours done;
Secure of safety, slumber'd on his bed,
His guardian mouse-trap station'd near his head.
Thus, all was hush'd; meanwhile, that knavish crew,
The wanton mice their nightly sports renew;
Secure in glooms and silence so profound,
Fearless they wander, play and frisk around.
—Among the rest, one of no vulgar rate,
A noble chief, but born t' a wretched fate,
Quick-scented, seeks the hostile camp, and goes,
Where, from the cheese, the grateful vapour flows,
And wafts delicious odours to his nose.

Caseus allexit. Venienti prima resistunt
Clathra, aditumque negant; sed turpem ferre repulsam
Ille indignatus, munimina ferrea circum
Cursitat, et crispat nasum, introitumque sagaci
Explorat barbâ; jamque irremiabile limen
Ingressus, votique potens, tristem arripit escam,
Exitium vorat lætus, potiturque ruinâ.
Taffi, exaudito strepitu, quem pendula porta
Lapsa dedit, cubito erigitur; thalamoque triumphans
Exilit, impatiens discendi quis novus hospes
Venerat. Intereà furit intus ridiculus mus,
Et fronte et pedibus pugnat, jamque intervallis
Clathrorum caput impingit, ferrumque fatigat
Dentibus insanis. Sic olim in retia Marsus*
Actus aper, fremit horrendus, sinuosaque quassat
Vincula, ludibrium catulis, diffusa per armos
It spuma, arrectæque rigent in pectore setæ.

*Note N.

Where first he came, the grates his way control,
And bar him entrance; but too stout his soul
To be repuls'd; he scorns the foul disgrace,
Trips round the iron bars, from place to place;
And crisps his nose admittance to explore,
By subtle scent already finds the door.
And now, th' irremeable threshold past,
And of his wish, his fatal wish possess'd,
With joyful haste, the baneful bait he seiz'd,
Greedy of death, and with destruction pleas'd.

Down dropp'd the portal with a thund'ring sound,
And Taffi waken'd, from his sleep profound,
On elbow rose; and, with impatient haste,
Leap'd from his bed, to see his unknown guest.
Meanwhile, the mouse ridiculous in his rage,
With head and feet, fights furious in his cage:
And now distracted, urged by mad chagrin,
Now bites the grates, now thrusts his head between.
—So as of old, the furious Marsian boar
Entangled, with a formidable roar,
Shakes the loose net, which his high fury bounds,
The butt of hunters, and the sport of hounds;
Adown his shoulders streams of foam descend,
And, on his back, erect the rigid bristles stand.

LIBER VI.

Postera lux oritur, decurrunt montibus altis
Præcipites Cambri, nam cunctas venit ad aures
Res nova ; quippe asinus, solitâ gravitate remissâ,
Et jam pigritiæ oblitus, lascivior hœdo
Ascendit montem, quâ Cambrum dissonus ore
Præconem simulans, ter rauco gutture rudens,
Te celebrat, Taffi, ter publica narrat amicis
Gaudia. Bubo etiam (Cambrorum dictus ab illo
Tempore legatus) per compita ubique per urbes
Totâ nocte errans, rostrum ferale fenestris
Stridulus impegit, cecinitque instantia muri
Funera. Parturiunt montes, atque agmine denso
Penbrochiæ* multus ruit incola, Merviniæque,†
Quique tenet Bonium,‡ et Mariduni § mœnia vate
Inclyta Merlino; veniunt fœcunda Glamorgan ‖
Quos alit, et Vagæ ** potor, rigidusque colonus
Gomerici †† montis. Tum circumstante coronâ
Illudit capto Taffi, iratumque lacessans ;

*Note O. †P. ‡Q. §R. ‖S. **T. ††U.

CANTO VI.

Down from the mountains, with the morning light,
Descend the Welsh, to see the curious sight,
For all had heard the wonders of the night.
An ass, it seems, from native graveness freed,
His sloth forgot, as wanton as a kid,
Ascends a mount, and, with a hideous noise,
Attempts to ape a Cambrian crier's voice.
There crier-like, thrice, to his friends, he brays
The publick joys, thrice, Taffi, sounds thy praise.
The owl, besides, that hateful bird of night,
(Since call'd the Welsh ambassador,) wing'd her flight,
And all night roving, rang'd the cities through,
Sail'd thro' each street, to ev'ry window flew,
Rapp'd with her beak, and whoo'd, with ominous breath,
How the poor mouse was on the brink of death.
The mountains labour, and a num'rous throng,
From Merioneth and Pembroke, haste along:
Bangor, Caermarthen, send their numbers forth,
Caermarthen, famous for sage MERLIN'S birth.
They come whom fat Glamorgan's fields supply,
Montgomery's sturdy clowns, and those that drink the Wye.
Then Taffi, circled by th' attending train,
Mocks his fell captive in this scornful strain.

" Nequicquam lucteris; (ait) damnaberis aræ
" Victima prima meæ, memorique hæc limina tinges
" Sanguine; spes nulla est, retro fugientibus obstant
" Non exorandi postes: Dabis, improbe, pœnas
" Pro meritis, vitamque simul cum carcere linques."

Vix ea fatus erat, cùm ludicra felis aprico
Culmine desiliit tecti, quò sæpe solebat
Cruribus extensis, molli languescere luxu.
Aspicit instantem captivus, et erigit aures,
Gibbosoque riget tergo, nec limen apertum
Jam tentare audet, sed in ipso carcere solam
Spem libertatis ponens, sua vincula prensat
Unguibus hamatis, pedibusque tenacibus hæret.
Excutitur tamen; et felis rapidissima prædæ
Involat, et frustrà luctantem evadere sævo
Implicat amplexu, crudeliaque oscula figit.
Nulla datur requies: agili sinuamine caudæ
Gaudia testatur victrix, et flexile corpus
Lacivo versans saltu, modò corpore prono
Attentè invigilat muri, modò colla benignis
Unguiculis leviter palpans, mentitur amorem

"'Tis vain to strive, unequal war you wage,
"For die you shall, devoted to my rage.
"You, the first victim on my altar slain,
"Shall tinge this threshold with a lasting stain:
"Nor hope t' escape; those foolish thoughts resign;
"Relentless bars oppose the vain design.
"Knave! like thy rogueries, shall thy pains be large,
"And death alone accomplish thy discharge."
Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the playful cat
Leap'd from the house-top, her indulgent seat;
Where, at full length, she often idle lay,
Bask'd in the sun, and half dissolv'd away.
The panting pris'ner saw his foe draw nigh,
Bent in a heap, and prick'd his ears on high.
The door, tho' open now, he wisely flies;
All hope of freedom in his prison lies.
Convinc'd of this, he dreams no more of flight,
But grasps his chains, and clings with all his might.
But hooked nails are vain: he's pluck'd away,
And nimble puss falls rapid on her prey.
T' elude her fierce embrace, in vain he strives,
She hugs him close, and cruel kisses gives.
No stop, no stay; victorious she employs
A round of sports, to testify her joys;
Active she wags her tail, and skipping round,
Now eyes the mouse squat grov'ling on the ground
Now, with her paw, she strokes him gently o'er,
And feigns to love, while greedy to devour.

Dum lacerare parat: varià sic arte jocosam
Barbariem exercet, lepidâque tyrannide ludit.
At nugis tandem defessa, nec ampliùs iram
Dissimulans, acuit dentes, et more leonis
Impasti, incumbit prædæ, jam pectore ab imo
Murmurat, et tremulos artus et sanguine sparsa
Viscera dilaniat. Plebs circumfusa cruorem
Invisum aspiciens, lætis clamoribus implent
Æthera: clamoresque echo, Cambræ incola terræ
Læta refert: resonant Plinlimmonis* ardua moles,
Et Brechin, † et Snoudon; ‡ vicina ad sidera fertur
Plausus, et ingenti strepit Offæ fossa § tumultu.
Tu Taffi, æternùm vives; tua munera Cambri
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotiesque revolvitur annus
Te memorant; patrum gens grata tuetur honorem,
Festivoque ornat redolentia tempora porro. ‖

*Note V. †W. ‡X. §Y. ‖Z.

FINIS.

Thus she, in many a diff'rent form, displays
Her savage joy, and gayly cruel plays.
But tir'd, at length, she gives her trifling o'er,
And whets her teeth, and hides her wrath no more.
And, like a lion, greedy to allay
Insatiate hunger, falls upon her prey;
With hollow growling, tears the living food,
Yet quiv'ring limbs and entrails ting'd with blood.
—Soon as the crowd behold the hateful gore,
They shout, and fill heav'n's concave with uproar.
Echo, inhabitant of Cambrian ground,
Repeats the shout, and sends the tumult round.
Resounds Plinlimmon, tow'ring in the sky,
And Brecknock's steeps, and Snowdon hills reply.
The thund'ring clap roars to the neighb'ring stars,
And Offa's dyke loud bellows at the mighty jars.
Taffi, from age to age, thine honour'd name
Shall live renown'd, and meet a deathless fame:
E'en now, the Welsh thy generous deeds declare,
And bless thy mem'ry each revolving year:
Still, by the thankful nation, is maintain'd
The signal badge their ancestors ordain'd.
With wreaths of leeks, fresh, redolent and gay,
They grace their temples, on the genial day.

A. D. 1752.

THE END.

AD DOMINUM NOSTRUM ET SERVATOREM, IESUM CHRISTUM;

ODA, DOMINI WATTS.

I.

Te, grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris ;
Nomen verendum nostri Iesu ;
Vox, citharæ, calami sonabunt.

II.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe, barbite ;
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

III.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum patris in sinu
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Iesus :

(TRANSLATION OF)

DR. WATTS' ODE,

TO OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

I.

THEE, Mighty GOD, Incarnate WORD,
Th' Almighty Father's equal Son;
JESUS, a name by all adored,
Voice, harps, and pipes resound in one.

II.

Let deep-ton'd viols strung with gold,
And lyre, his triumphs loud proclaim;
How HE, the rage of hell controll'd,
Erebus conquer'd, death o'ercame.

III.

Unnumbered ages roll'd around,
While on the Father's breast delays
Th' eternal SON, with glory crown'd
Enjoying all JEHOVAH'S praise:

IV.

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, Tartara hiantia
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu! nimium miseros nepotes:

V.

Vidit minaces vindicis Angeli
Ignes et ensem, tealque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuêre Erebæa monstra.

VI.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensêre flammas, Omnipotens furor
Ebullit immensique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

VII.

"Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
"Hosti triumphos: quid patris et labor
"Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
"Funditus? O prius astra cæcis

IV.

Till Adam, from the skies he saw
Falling, while Hell yawn'd wide below,
And all his hapless race, by law,
Devoted to destruction too:

V.

Saw the dread angel as he stood;
Saw him his flaming sword display;
And darts design'd to drink our blood,
While hell's black monsters roar'd for prey.

VI.

Instant his bosom all on fire,
His heav'nly bowels yearning move;
Two sacred flames at once conspire,
Almighty wrath and boundless love.

VII.

"Not all the race of man shall die,
"To grace the triumphs of the foe;
"What! shall infernal plots destroy
"My Father's work and image so?

VIII.

"Mergantur undis, et redeat chaos ;
"Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
"Aut ipse disperdar, et isti
"Septra dabo moderanda dextrâ.

IX.

"Testor Paternum Numen, et hoc caput
"Equale testor;" dixit: et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desiliitque ruens Olympo.

X.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! Vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro,

XI.

Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

VIII.

" No ! first let chaos rise anew ;

" Be all the stars quench'd in the main ;

" Or I'll bold Satan's wiles subdue,

" Or I will fall and he shall reign.

IX.

" Be pledg'd my Father's word and mine ;

" The firm decree shall never move."

He said : then gave the nod divine,

And swift descended from above.

X.

Quick in a mortal body drest,

His Deity he deign'd to hide,

In our vile flesh ; then, gave his breast,

To the vindictive steel, and died.

XI.

Ah me ! the thund'rer's wrath how keen !

His law, how awfully severe !

Oh ! the dread hire of Adam's sin,

And fruit forbidden bought too dear !

XII.

Non pœna lenis! Quò ruis impotens
Quò musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique Divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

XIII.

Sepone quæstus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalte sonorius
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

XIV.

Sensère Numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirum fremebat Rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus Orcum

XV.

Latè refugit. "Nil agis, impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit;
Et patrios jaculatus ignes,

XII.

But, feeble Muse, say, why these groans !
Durst thou in tears profuse repine !
Profane, with sacrilegious moans,
The triumphs of the hearse divine !

XIII.

No ! wipe thy tears ; in loftier strains,
Proclaim the GOD : with louder breath,
Sing, how he storm'd the iron dens,
And forc'd the rugged court of death.

XIV.

Th' infernal realms perceiv'd the GOD ;
Old chaos shook, th' abyss deep roar'd
And, through his kingdom, howling loud
Affrighted fled hell's horrid lord.

XV.

" In vain you hide your impious head ;
" Dive to the deeps of hell, but know,
" This bolt shall cleave the waves," He said ;
His lightning threw, and pierc'd the foe.

XVI.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidêre cœlo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis,
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Hic strata passim vincula, et hîc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En! ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

XVI.

Black silence and the shades of hell
The bright etherial flames surprise ;
Abhorr'd e'er since the rebels fell,
Ejected headlong from the skies.

XVII.

Now, dreadful thunder bellowing loud
Spreads desolation as it flies ;
And hell, th' elect's design'd abode,
With its deep caves, in ruin lies.

XVIII.

The racks of souls lie scatter'd round ;
Strong cords and hooks besmear'd with gore ;
And death, with formidable sound,
Doth his extorted sting deplore.

XIX.

Lo ! from the deep, He mounts to light,
Dragging hell's monarch from afar ;
And the foul monsters of the night
Bound vanquish'd to his golden car.

XX.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant,
Victor paternum dum repetit polum!
En! qualis ardet dum beati
Limina scandit ovans Olympi.

XXI.

Io triumphe! plectra seraphica;
Io triumphe! grex hominum sonet;
Dum læta quâquâversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

XX.

Hark! how the angels shout aloud,
When they behold his chariot nigh!
See! how exults the VICTOR-GOD,
While He triumphant climbs the sky!

XXI.

Rejoice! let harps seraphick sound;
Rejoice! let ransom'd mortals sing;
While, from the stars reflected round,
Each way, th' harmonious echoes ring.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT:

DR. WATTS' SAPPHICK ODE,

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN.

When the fierce North wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltick to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down;
How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.
Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly,)
Such the dire terrour, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;
Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

DIES JUDICII:

ODA SAPPHICA DOMINI WATTS,

LATINE REDITA.

Dum ciet sævis Boreas procellis
Balticum et canis furit unda spumis,
Dum micat fulgur rutilum ruitque
Turbine grando.

Ut stupent nautæ, trepidantque hiantes
Dum vident undas, tonitruque signum
Fluctibus rauco, tuba ceu cruenta
Murmure mugit.

Talis (æterna assimilare si fas
Hisce terrenis) pavor ac tumultus
Ingruit, quando quatiet trementem
Angelus orbem;

Diruet cœli columen, recludet
Marmor antiquum, monumenta regum;
Ecce! per flammas patulis resurgunt
Ossa sepulchris.

Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horrour and amazing anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.
Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty JUDGE frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling before him.
Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong,
Down to the centre.
Stop here, my fancy: (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) Come, arise to JESUS;
How he sits God-like, and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring.
O! may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory;
While our Hosannas all along the passage,
Shout the REDEEMER.

Heu ! graves turbæ miseræ ejulatus,
Ecce ! diro ardent occuli dolore,
Dum lanit nunquam moriturus ima
Viscera vermis.
Conscias mordent veluti rapaces
Vultures, vitæ facinora fibras ;
Dum ruit cœlo comitatus iræ
Flumine JUDEX.
O ! ut infelix ululat tremetque
Grex mori frustrà cupiens ad orcum
Actus horrendum furiis hiantemque
Ore profundo.
Siste mens; formæ procul este diræ ;
Ecce ! adorantes simul et thronatos
Inter ut sanctos sedet exhibetque
NUMEN IESUS !
Sit mihi sedes ibi, cum triumphans
Gentium JUDEX veniet ; polumque
Dum chorus scandit, celebretur altâ
Voce REDEMPTOR.

THE CELEBRATED ODE OF SAPPHO,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH SAPPHICK.

Blest as th' Immortals is the youth, who nigh thee,
Sitting attentive to thy voice melodious,
Hears thy soft accents, and beholds thy kind smiles,
Rapture inspiring.

This my heart charm'd, this stupefied my senses,
Smit by thy beauty, soon as e'er I saw thee,
Tongue-tied I gazed, and in soft confusion,
Speechless ador'd thee.

Glow'd my fond bosom ; soon the subtile keen flame
Glid thro' my members with ideal murmurs,
Loud my ears tingled, and a cloud of darkness
Hung o'er my eye-lids.

Trembling all over, and bedew'd with cold sweats,
Tarnish'd my visage with a dying paleness,
Breathless I sunk down, with the pleasing languors,
Well-nigh expiring.

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*See Note A.A.

THE SAME,

ATTEMPTED IN FRENCH.

Heureux autant que les dieux mêmes, sans doute,
Est le jeune homme, qui proche de vous assis,
Le son de votre belle voix écoute,
Et voit vos doux et aimables souris.

C'est ce qui embarrasse ma poitrine,
Ceci me donne des ravissemens de coeur,
Car en regardant votre charmante mine,
Me manque la parole tout à l'heure.

Ma langue s'engourdit ; tres vitement
Courent par tout mon corps des subtils feux ;
A les oreilles J'ay du tintement,
Sombres nuës obscureissent mes yeux.

Noyé d'une froide sueur et tout tremblant,
Mon âme à peine a garder son sejour ;
Je tombe, Je me pâme, languissant
Pâle, haletant, et demi-mort d'amour.

HORATII LIB. I. OD. 22.

In Odam Sapphicam (Græce) translata.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ:
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget;
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ,
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.

Τοῦ ΟΡΑΤΙΟΥ Βιβλ. α. Ωδ. κϛ.

Εἰς ὠδην Σαπφίκην (Ἑλληνιστί) μεταμορφουμενὴ.

Ὅς βίον τηρεῖ ἄκακον καλόν τε
Οὐ ποθεῖ Μουρῦν βελε' οὐδὲ τόξον,
Οὐδὲ μέστην φαρμακοεσσ' ὀϊστοις,
Φυσκε, φαρήτριην·

Εἴτε καυστεῖρων ἰτέον δι' Ἄμμων,
Ἧτε ἄξεινῦν διὰ δεῖ ὁδεῦειν
Κουκασου, ἤτοι ἃ κλυτος Ὑδασπης
Χωριά λείχει.

Ὡς γαρ ἠλῶμην ἀμελὴς ἐν ὑλῃ
Καὶ ἐμην ἦδον Λαλαγην Σαβείνῃ,
Τὶς λύκος μ' ὄυρον παραβαντα φευγε,
Καίπερ ἄνοπλοι·

Οἷον ἐν δρύμοις τέρας ὐυδ' ἐδισι
Δουνίη κλειτὴ πολέμοιο βόσκει,
Οὐδ' Ἰοῦβα πῦ τέκε γᾶια, μήτηρ
Ξηρα λεόντων.

Ἐι μὲ κὰν θῆς, ὄις πεδιδισιν ὀύδεν
Θάλπεται δένδρος θερινῆσιν αυραις·
Αυταρ ὁῖς ἀιὲι νεφέλαι, κακὸς τε
Μαίνεται ἀὴρ·

Ἧτ' ἀοίκητῃ χθονὶ, ὑφ' ἅμαξῃ
Ἡλιου λαμπρα μάλα πλησίοιο,
Ἡδὺ μειδοῦσης Λαλάγης ἐράσω,
Ἡδὺ λαλοῦσης.

HORACE'S ODE 22. BOOK I.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH SAPPHICK.

Innocence, Fuscus, and unblemish'd virtue
Wants not the Moor's sharp javelins to guard it,
Needs not his strong bow, nor his quiver fraught with
Arrows empoison'd:
Whether one travels through the scorching sand-wastes,
Climbs up rough, cold, inhospitable Caucase,
Or the strange soil treads, where renown'd Hydaspes
Dashes his floods down.
For a wolf lately, in a Sabine forest,
Shunn'd me spontaneous, though I rov'd unarmed,
Singing my charmer, Lalage, beyond bounds,
Thoughtless of danger.
Such a dire monster, neither Daunia war-like
Feeds in her vast woods, nor the land of Juba,
Sandy dry desert, and the nurse of lions,
E'er yet produced.
What though you place me, in the barren regions,
Where no tree's foster'd by the summer's warm breeze,
Where the cold snow-clouds and maliguant keen air
Check vegetation;
What though in hot climes, never mortal dwelt in,
Under the bright car of the sun too nigh me,
Charmingly smiling Lalage I must love,
Charmingly talking.

MEDITATION

OVER A DYING PATIENT.

I.

Well ! I have done, I can no more,
But must my baffled aim deplore ;
I'll lay my drugs and cordials by,
For art is vain and he must die.

II.

When heaven demands a mortal's breath,
And fainting nature yields to death,
Nor love nor art avails to save
The tott'ring fabrick from the grave.

III.

But may I in this mirror see
What I ere long must also be !
And while a pitied patient dies,
Receive instruction and be wise.

IV.

Fix'd is th' unalterable date,
Fix'd as the firm decrees of fate ;
(And, O my soul ! it may be nigh,)
When heaven will call and I must die.

V.

In vain physicians may be near ;
In vain my friends may drop a tear ;
For medicines will not relieve,
Nor love procure an hour's reprieve.

VI.

Then will death's mighty arm arrest
This throbbing movement in my breast,
And spite of nature's feeble strife,
Victorious storm the seat of life.

VII.

Then must thou, O my soul! obey
Heaven's high command to quit thy clay:
Then must thou breathe thy final groan,
And take thy flight to worlds unknown.

VIII.

But where, O where! thy last abode?
In glory near the throne of God?
Or must thou (O! forever) dwell,
In the dark dismal shades of hell?

IX.

Lord make me to myself a friend,
To meditate my latter end!
Teach me the number of my days,
And guide my feet in wisdom's ways;

X.

That when this tenement of clay
Must sink to ruin and decay,
I may to some blest mansion rise,
A house eternal in the skies.

PRAISE TO GOD
FOR RESTORING GOODNESS.

A PINDARICK ODE. A. D. 1757.

I.

Bless, O my soul! the GOD of love;
With awe profound adore
The wonders of his healing pow'r,
With grateful joy let thy warm passions move;
Then to HIS name in lofty numbers raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
Who in a dangerous hour
Preserv'd of late thy life and lengthen'd out thy days.

II.

Oft has HE sav'd my soul from death;
Borne up my sinking frame;
Restrain'd my flying breath,
And calm'd the tumults of the vital stream;
When I've lain wasted by some dire disease,
While burden'd nature found no ease,
And I drew near the dead;
Oft has his hand sustain'd my head,
Sooth'd all the sorrows of my bed,
And made my anguish cease.
His word pronounc'd the high command,
And his preserving hand,
His hand omnipotent to save,
Restor'd me from the gloomy borders of the grave.

III.

But chief, my soul review
The memorable night ;*
When death, grim tyrant, rose to view,
Shook in his hand a dreadful dart,
(Challeng'd me to th' unequal fight,)
And aim'd it at my heart :
How trembling and aghast I stood,
And felt past crimes my vitals gnaw,
While all before mine eyes I saw
The terrours of a broken law ;
A slighted Saviour's blood :
And oh ! amazing sight !
Array'd in piercing light,
Insufferably bright,
The dread tribunal of an angry God !

IV.

And ah ! what tongue can tell,
What agonizing pain my bosom tore ;
While, as I thought the day of patience o'er,
I saw heaven shut ! a yawning hell !
A frowning Judge ! a frowning Saviour too !
And in the pit below,
Astonish'd heard a fiery storm,
Of wrath almighty roar ;

*See Note B.B.

Half felt the tortures of the deathless worm;
And in the horrid gloom,
With dire amazement, read my doom
To never—never—never-ending woe.

V.

But oh! while thus a criminal I stood,
By law condemn'd to die,
The prisoner of almighty wrath,
And thought the execution nigh;
My pitying JUDGE, my often injur'd GOD,
Repuls'd the bold demands of death,
And gave a kind reprieve:
Bade me avoid the sinner's road,
His offer'd grace receive,
And spend my future life for him who spar'd my breath.

VI.

And though the grisly foe,
With all his gloomy terrours arm'd,
Has often since my trembling soul alarm'd,
Yet GOD has still his rage disarm'd;
Nor would he give
The tyrant leave,
To strike the fatal blow:
And while half victor in the strife,
Of late, he almost triumph'd o'er my life,
And unrelenting, saw my kindred mourn;

My God compassionate as just
The bands of my confinement burst,
Redeem'd my body from the dust,
And bade my soul return:
Untir'd, his patience knows no bound,
Amazing is his grace!
While three long years
Have roll'd their circles round,
I've stood a cumberer of the ground;
Have oft provok'd him to his face,
And yet his mercy calls, and yet his wrath forbears.

VII.

Great God! on such a stupid creature, why
Dost show'r thy blessings down;
Who not deserves the notice of thine eye,
And yet provokes thy frown?
I would review
The kindness thou hast shown,
With wonder and confusion too,
How good art thou, O God! but, how unthankful I!
Vast is the debt of gratitude I owe,
For mercies great beyond the bounds of thought;
How should my bosom glow,
With sacred flames, and bless the gentle blow
Of thy chastising rod!

But ah ! my rebel heart
Still acts a treacherous part,
Forgets the wonders thou hast wrought,
And wanders from my GOD.

VIII.

My GOD, subdue this heart of stone ;
Melt all my stubborn passions down ;
Each rebel-wish control ;
By the chastisements thou hast giv'n,
Embitter sin, and teach my soul
Entire submission to the will of heav'n.
To heavenly things exalt my cares,
And from this world's bewitching snares,
O ! set my spirit free :
And by thy mercies, LORD, inspire
My breast, and set my heart on fire,
With love and zeal and warm desire,
To dedicate my life, and all my powers to THEE.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of Doct. NATHANIEL SCUDDER, who was slain in a skirmish with a party of refugees, at SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY, October 16th, 1781.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
"Tam cari capitis?"—HORACE.

I.

SCUDDER, my friend, art thou, dear man, no more?
Sad victim fall'n on Shrewsbury's fatal plain!
Must I thy end so tragical deplore,
In virtue's cause by murd'rous traitors slain?

II.

More splendid titles* did thy name adorn,
When thou, erewhile, with unremitting zeal,
Didst losses, toils and dangers nobly scorn,
A strenuous champion for the public weal.

III.

But oh! the tender title FRIEND alone
Can speak what language most expressive needs;
How my fond heart, while I thy fate bemoan,
Smarts with keen anguish and deep-wounded bleeds.

IV.

Let those who knew thy publick merits most,
With wreaths of honour decorate thy urn;
With me, the patriot in the man is lost,
And less my country, than my friend, I mourn.

---

*Note CC.

V.

Friendship's pure flame did in thy bosom glow,
And a kind fervour to thy words impart;
While gentle manners shew'd, thou well didst know,
All the fine feelings of the social heart.

VI.

Thou dear companion of my early years!
I'm taught, when I our former lives review,
By heart-felt pangs and daily flowing tears,
I ne'er before, how much I lov'd thee, knew.

VII.

The paths of science we together trod,
Ambitious rivals; yet so kindly strove,
That competition but endear'd the road,
And emulation fann'd the fire of love.

VIII.

How did our souls a mutual passion prove,
My brother SCUDDER, wonderful and rare!
If not less ardent, less sublime the love,
That warms th' enraptur'd lover and the fair.

IX.

How art thou fall'n, SCUDDER, highly priz'd;
By what vile hands depriv'd of vital breath!
A crew, of whom, whole hundreds sacrific'd,
Were not sufficient to avenge thy death.

X.

How art thou fall'n into death's cruel jaws!
At an untimely date, a sudden prey:
Just in the crisis of thy Country's cause,
Just at the dawn of her triumphant day.

XI.

High were thy hopes of our late conquest rais'd,
(But thou, to see the great event, denied,)
When Washington's meridian glory blaz'd
Eclipsing splendour on Cornwallis' pride.

XII.

So, erst the giver of the Jewish law,
To enter Canaan earnestly desir'd;
But the good land from Nebo only saw,
And on the top of Pisgah's mount expir'd.

XIII.

But the SUPREME saw fit to call thee hence,
Where thou, for freedom, hast so nobly striv'n;
And doubtless, swift wing'd messengers from thence
Oft bear glad tidings to the court of heav'n.

XIV.

There, SCUDDER, thou, we trust, dost glorious reign,
By trials, well for that bright world prepared;
Sharing from liberality divine,
A faithful servant's exquisite reward.

XV.

There, this great victory by thy country won,
Well known ev'n there, shall thy glad songs employ;
And all the wonders GOD, for us, has done,
Add still new raptures to celestial joy.

XVI.

There, O my SCUDDER, may I meet thee there,
Where discord, war and desolation cease;
Where reigns complete tranquillity, and where
All the blest world is harmony and peace—

XVII.

Where rules no tyrant; from the common cause,
Apostate spirits draw no trait'rous sword:
But all unite t' obey the righteous laws
Of an ALMIGHTY and all-gracious LORD.

XVIII.

Where selfish aims, each gen'rous temper spurns,
In concert sweet, the social passions move:
Each heart with an exalted friendship burns,
And every breast breathes universal love.

PALINODY.

I.

Thus sung thy friend, by fond affection mov'd,
To drop the tears of sorrow o'er thy urn:
But soon, by conscious sentiment reprov'd,
Saw greater reason for himself to mourn.

II.

So bright, bless'd shade! thy deeds of virtue shine;
So rich, no doubt, thy recompense on high:
My lot's far more lamentable than thine,
Thou liv'st in death, while I in living die.

III.

With great applause hast thou perform'd thy part,
Since thy first entrance on the stage of life;
Or in the labours of the healing art,
Or in fair Liberty's important strife.

IV.

In med'cine skilful, and in warfare brave,
In council steady, uncorrupt and wise;
To thee, the happy lot thy Maker gave,
To no small rank, in each of these to rise.

V.

Employ'd in constant usefulness thy time,
And thy fine talents in exertion strong;
Thou died'st advanc'd in life, though in thy prime,
For, living useful thou hast lived long.

VI.

But I, alas! like some unfruitful tree,
That useless stands, a cumberer of the plain;
My faculties unprofitable see,
And five long years have liv'd almost in vain.

VII.

While all around me, like the busy swarms,
That ply the fervent labours of the hive;
Or guide the state, with ardour rush to arms,
Or some less great, but needful business drive.

VIII.

I see my time inglorious glide away,
Obscure and useless like an idle drone;
And unconducive each revolving day,
Or to my country's int'rest or my own.*

IX.

Great hast thou liv'd and glorious hast thou died;
Though trait'rous villains have cut short thy days;
Virtue must shine, whatever fate betide,
Be theirs the scandal, and be thine the praise.

X.

Then, to my soul thy memory shall be,
From glory bright, as from affection, dear;
And while I live to pour my grief for thee,
Glad joy shall sparkle in each trickling tear.

XI.

Thy great example too shall fire my breast;
If heav'n permit, with thee, again I'll vie:
And all thy conduct well in mine express'd,
Like thee I'll live, though I like thee should die.

*Note DD.

THE DESPERATE WISH,

OR

MELANCHOLY EXTRAVAGANCE. A. D. 1760.

I.

Tell me, ye Furies, where to find
Some subterranean cave,
Dark as the horrour of my mind,
And silent as the grave.

II.

Where none but melancholy things
Possess the dreary plains;
Where darkness spreads her raven-wings,
And night perpetual reigns.

III.

Near some vast heap of ruins be
The desolate abode;
Like those astonish'd trav'lers see,
Where ancient Babylon stood.

IV.

Rubbish should all deform the ground,
And make a rueful show;
Wild brambles all the place surround,
And nettles rampant grow.

V.

Dragons should there their stations keep,
And wave their ragged wings;
There vipers hiss, foul lizards creep,
And scorpions dart their stings.

VI.

Voracious monsters there should stray,
In quest of human gore;
There savage tigers howl for prey,
And hungry lions roar.

VII.

There, perch'd on each dry blasted oak,
Should nest each rav'nous fowl;
There should the om'nous raven croak,
There scream the odious owl.

VIII.

No arbours drest in living green,
No groves should there be found!
Without a leaf each tree be seen,
Without a flow'r the ground.

IX.

The yew alone and cypress there,
In melancholy state,
Should flourish sacred to despair,
The emblems of my fate.

X.

No gentle zephyrs there should yield
The calm refreshing breeze ;
With silky pinions fan the field,
Or gently curl the seas.

XI.

But winds with warring winds engage,
And angry tempests roar ;
While the tumultuous ocean's rage
Lashes the groaning shore.

XII.

No trickling rill should soothe mine ear,
Or sparkle in mine eyes ;
But putrid lakes lie stagnant there,
And noxious vapours rise.

XIII.

Hard by a spot with hillocks spread,
And monumental stones,
Should lie devoted to the dead,
And guard their mould'ring bones.

XIV.

There mystick groans should pierce my ear,
Prophetick of my doom ;
There frowning spectres should appear
And stalk amid the gloom.

XV.

No place should such fair objects gain
As suit a jovial taste;
But ghastly desolation reign,
Through all the dismal waste.

XVI.

In these sad regions, I'd employ
My life's remaining span;
There live exil'd from social joy,
And shun the face of man.

XVII.

No sprightly, gay idea there
Should e'er admittance find;
No pleasing scene, with smiling air,
Should entertain my mind.

XVIII.

But gloomy thoughts should break my rest,
And through my fancy roll;
Despair should swell my anxious breast,
And overwhelm my soul.

XIX.

There would I make my doleful moan,
There solitary sigh;
There spend my days, unseen, unknown,
And unlamented DIE.

A SONG

FOR THE SONS OF LIBERTY IN NEW-YORK.

COMPOSED AT THE TIME OF THE STAMP-ACT.

1.

In story we're told,
How our fathers of old
Brav'd the rage of the wind and the waves;
And cross'd the deep o'er,
To this desolate shore,
All because they were loath to be slaves;—Brave boys,
All because they were loath to be slaves.

2

Yet a strange scheme of late,
Has been form'd in the state,
By a knot of political knaves;
Who in secret rejoice,
That the Parliament's voice,
Has resolv'd that we all shall be slaves;—Brave boys,

3

But if we should obey
This vile statute, the way
To more base future slavery paves;
Nor in spite of our pain,
Must we ever complain,
If we tamely submit to be slaves;—Brave boys,

4

Counteract, then, we must,
A decree so unjust,
Which our wise constitution depraves;
And all nature conspires,
To approve our desires,
For she cautions us not to be slaves;--Brave boys,

5

As the sun's lucid ray,
To all nations gives day,
And a world from obscurity saves;
So all happy and free,
GEORGE's subjects should be,
Then AMERICANS must not be slaves;--Brave boys,

6

Heav'n only controls
The great deep as it rolls,
And the tide which our continent laves,
Emphatical roars
This advice to our shores,
O AMERICANS, never be slaves;--Brave boys,

7

Hark! the wind, as it flies,
Though o'errul'd by the skies,
While it each meaner obstacle braves,
Seems to say, "Be like me,
"Always loyally free,
"But ah! never consent to be slaves;"--Brave boys,

8

To our monarch, we know,
Due allegiance we owe,
Who the sceptre so rightfully waves;
But no sov'reign we own,
But the king on the throne,
And cannot, to subjects, be slaves;--Brave boys,

9

Though fools stupidly tell,
That we mean to rebel;
Yet all each American craves,
Is but to be free,
As we surely must be,
For we never were born to be slaves;--Brave boys,

10

But whoever, in spite,
At American right,
Like insolent Haman behaves;
Or would wish to grow great,
On the spoils of the state,
May he and his children be slaves;--Brave boys,

11

Though against the repeal,
With intemperate zeal,
Proud GRANVILLE so brutishly raves;
Yet our conduct shall show,
And our enemies know,
That AMERICANS scorn to be slaves;—Brave boys,

12

With the beasts of the wood,
We will ramble for food,
We will lodge in wild deserts and caves;
And live poor as Job,
On the skirts of the globe,
Before we'll submit to be slaves;—Brave boys,

13

The birth-right we hold,
Shall never be sold,
But sacred maintain'd to our graves;
And before we'll comply,
We will gallantly die,
For we must not, we will not be slaves;—Brave boys,
For we must not, we will not be slaves.

TO A CERTAIN BRAVE OFFICER

JUST RETURNED FROM THE CAMPAIGN, 1759.

(EXTEMPORE.)

N. B.—The individual addressed was a notorious braggadocio, and withal, a finished dandy; wearing his hair highly dressed and tucked up with a comb. His better half was a perfect contrast to her spouse.

1

Hah! Captain Queue!—what, is it you?
And may I squeeze your thumb, sir?
Yes, on my word—I see your sword,
Well, you are welcome home, sir.

2

From summer's heat—from toil and sweat,
Borne for a trifling sum, sir;
To peaceful rest—in your own nest,
You're very welcome home, sir.

3

From Northern snows—which Boreas blows,
That makes one's fingers numb, sir;
To the bright spires—of winter fires,
You're very welcome home, sir.

4

From tents in camp—so cold and damp,
To your convenient dome, sir,
Safe from the storm—so dry and warm,
You're very welcome home, sir.

5

From the bleak coasts—where Northern gusts
Make wild Ontario foam, sir;
To Nassau's shores—where ocean roars,
You're very welcome home, sir.

6

From war's dread noise—the cannon's voice,
And daily beat of drums, sir;
To the shrill notes—of female throats,
You're very welcome home, sir.

7

From savage blades—whose painted heads
Appear so dreadful glum, sir;
To the soft looks—of civil folks,
You're very welcome home, sir.

8

From war's alarms—from fatal harms,
From powder, bullets, bombs, sir;
To Sylvia's charms—in Sylvia's arms,
You're very welcome home, sir.

9

From Mohawk squaws--against the laws,
Converted into strums, sir;
T' a sober life--with your own wife,
You're very welcome home, sir.

10

At your return--through spite and scorn,
Your enemies are dumb, sir;
But for my part--with all my heart,
I bid you welcome home, sir.

11

Alive again--from the campaign
I'm glad to see you come, sir;
Safe from the war--without a scar,
You're very welcome home, sir.

12

The rapid flight—of balls in fight
Has proved the death of some, sir;
Your life you chose—not to expose,
Lest you should ne'er come home, sir.

13

You've struck no blows--subdu'd no foes,
Nor were you overcome, sir;
You scal'd no Alps—'tis true, for scalps,
Yet you have safe got home, sir.

14

If you can't fight--with such delight
As you can wear a comb, sir;
Yet well I know--that you can crow,
Come, then, you're welcome home, sir.

15

Others aspire—to ranks still higher,
And greater men become, sir;
But you content--plain Captain went,
And such you are come home, sir.

16

You went to quell—that imp of hell,
I mean the Pope of Rome, sir;
And now you may--at leisure slay
The Man of Sin at home, sir.

17

My joyful tongue--has run so long
'Tis almost tir'd; but mum! sir:
I cannot stay--but must away--so once for aye,
You're very welcome home, sir.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

Note A. Page 10.

The classick scholar does not need to be informed, but it may be satisfactory to the unlettered reader to know, that the word Cambromyomachia is compounded of three Greek words, (Καμβρων—μυων—μαχη) which literally mean as translated, The battle of the Welsh and the Mice. The formation of the title, as well as the general idea of the poem, was probably suggested by the "*Batrochomyomachia*," or, "*The battle of the Frogs and the Mice;*" which is generally ascribed to Homer, and to which, allusion is made by the Author, upon a blank leaf of the translation.

Note B. Page 10.

Smynthee Vates—*Line* 5, Muscipula.
Favour, Great Smyntheus, &c., Line 9, Mouse-trap.

Smyntheus is one of the names of Apollo, applied to him in Phrygia; where the inhabitants reared him a temple, because he had destroyed a multitude of rats that infested the country. These rats were called σμινθαι, in the language of Phrygia, whence the above name is evidently derived.—One of the scholiasts of Homer says, that Apollo was so named by his priest Chryses, whose gardens and fruits were preserved, by him, from the devastation of rats. Either statement proves the classick propriety of the appellation, by our author, in his invocation to the god of the fine arts, in an undertaking, in which one species of these animals was to bear so conspicuous a part.

Note C. Page 10.

Pindus. *Line* 7.—*Translation, Line* 10.

Pindus is a mountain, or rather a chain of mountains between Thessaly, Macedonia and Epirus, in European Turkey, celebrated by the poets as sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

Note D. Page 12.

Cambria, *Line* 20.—Wales, *Line* 28. *See Map.*

This was the ancient name of the Principality of Wales, in the West of England. It is about 150 miles from N. to S. and from 50 to 80 broad; and is divided into North and

South Wales; each comprehending six shires or counties. The former are Anglesey, Caernarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Merioneth and Montgomery :--the latter; Cardigan, Radnor, Pembroke,Caermarthen, Brecknock and Glamorgan. The country, though mountainous, especially in North Wales, is far from being sterile.—All the eminences, with few exceptions, are covered with vegetation, and enclose many sequestered glens; some of them gloomy and solitary, and others interspersed with fertile and romantick valleys, affording the most picturesque scenery. Wales is remarkable for the beauty of its mountain landscapes, and the number of streams and lakes, by which it is watered. It comprehends about 7,425 square miles, and contains, at the present time, but little over 800,000 inhabitants. Its territory is about *one-seventh*, and its population *one-sixteenth* of that of England. The hills, besides the metals and minerals which they contain, are covered with pasturage, supporting vast herds of deer, goats, sheep and black cattle; and the valleys abounding in corn, as the seas and rivers do in fish. Here are also wood, coal and turf, in abundance. It is, on the whole, a country abounding in the necessaries of life. The cattle, though small, make excellent beef; and their cows are remarkable for yielding large quantities of milk. This circumstance, in particular, furnished the occasion of the poem, and fully warranted the remark "*Plenty itself her miseries procur'd.*"

Note E. Page 12.

Cambris prona furori corda--Line 26.
Welsh furious passions, &c.--Line 40.

To the honour of the Welsh character, it is recorded, that "they are a brave, hospitable people;" but it is added on the same authority, that "they are exceedingly jealous of affronts, passionate and hasty;--more jealous of their liberties than the English, and far more irascible." Says another--"they are hardy, active, lively, hospitable, kind-hearted, only a little hot and quarrelsome." To this last characteristick the poet here alludes.

Note F. Page 14.

Illa quidem varias posuit circum ora cavernæ—Line 34.
She oft indeed around his cavern stray'd,—Line 51.

'This is a most vivid description of the actions of a cat, while lying in wait for her puny victim. Any one that

has ever thought it worth while, to observe the artifice of the animal, when thus employed, cannot fail to be impressed with the aptness and beauty and vigour of the description.' The same remarks are equally applicable to the description of the same animal, after she has captured the foe, which will be found at the 310th line and onward of the translation.

Note G. Page 14.

Sic Cambri, &c.—Line 44.

So once the Cambrians, &c.—Line 64.

The Welsh are supposed to be the descendants of the Cimbrian or Cymraig Gauls, who made a settlement in England, about eighty years before the first descent of Julius Cæsar ; and thereby obtained the name of Gallies, or Wallies, (the G and W being used promiscuously by the ancient Britons,) that is, *strangers.* The allusion, in this verse, is not a mere poetick fancy, but is founded on notable and well attested historical facts.

The Romans, with all their skill and prowess, were never able to subdue the Welsh, till the reign of Vespasian. And the Saxons, after making themselves masters of all England, never got possession of any part of Wales, except the counties of Monmouth and Hereford, which formerly belonged to the Principality.

When the Heptarchy, or, the government of the seven Saxon kingdoms, was established in Britain, A. D. 547, after a violent contest of almost 150 years, to which the whole southern part of the Island was subjected, Wales and Cornwall alone were excepted from its dominion.—The inhabitants of these provinces, when attacked by their enemies, fled into the remote valleys and inaccessible mountains of their territories, and there reposed securely from the fury of their invaders. Thus while England mingled its population with strangers, and exchanged its language, customs and political institutions, for those of their conquerors, the Welsh retain theirs, in a great measure, to the present day. The gentry pride themselves greatly on the antiquity of their families, and are very fond of carrying back their pedigrees, to the most remote period. Though they can speak the English language, and occasionally use it, the common people, in general, use only their own language ; which not only differs entirely from the English, but has very little affinity with

any of the Western tongues, except the Gaelick, Erse, or Irish. It is said to be a dialect of the ancient Celtick, and, in many respects, resembles the Hebrew. Through national pride the genuine Cambrian holds his country and his nation superior to all others ; and regards the *Sasna* or Saxon as a lower race of yesterday. With this is connected, in a high degree, the pride of pedigree : even the humblest Welshman tracing his origin far above the lowland genealogy. On this ground, it is no empty boast, that—

Hence her sons rehearse a num'rous throng
Of ancestors, and hence they hold so long,
Their lands unconquered and their ancient tongue.

Wales continued to be governed by her own native princes, though sometimes obliged to do homage to the English kings, until the reign of Edward I. Llewellyn the younger, then Prince of Wales, refusing to do homage in person, to the king, as his father had done before him, Edward entered the Principality with a numerous army ; penetrated into the heart of the country, and surrounding Llewellyn and the flower of the Welsh, on the hills of Snowdon, obliged them to surrender at discretion. The Prince did homage, and permitted his barons to swear fealty to the crown of England, besides relinquishing a part of his territory. This peace, however, was of short duration. The Welsh being provoked by the insolence of the English borderers, again arose in arms. Edward re-entered the country, with a force too great for resistance. Llewellyn was surprised and slain, with 2000 of his followers. His brother David, the hereditary Prince, having been treacherously surrendered, was tried, condemned and inhumanly hanged ; and afterwards drawn and quartered, as a traitor, for defending the liberties of his country, and his own hereditary authority. Intimidated by these occurrences, the Welsh nobility submitted; and the sovereignty of England was established, throughout the Principality : A. D. 1284.

But the most inhuman act of all remains to be recorded. Edward, sensible that nothing cherished military glory and bravery, so much as traditional poetry, collected the Welsh bards, and, from a barbarous policy, caused them to be put to death ; an act, that cannot fail to reflect eternal disgrace on his name.

To complete the work of subjugation, and reconcile the Welsh to the English crown, it is said, that Edward pro-

posed to give them a prince of unexceptionable manners, who was a Welshman by birth, and could speak no other language : and upon their promising, with acclamations of joy, to receive and obey him ; he invested in the Principality, his infant son Edward, who had been born in Caernarvonshire Castle, whither his queen had been conveyed, before the birth of the child, with a view to this subtle project. Thus Wales was fully annexed to the English crown ; and, henceforth, the title "PRINCE OF WALES" has descended to the eldest son of the king of England.

But although material alterations were made in their laws and judicial proceedings, it is very remarkable, that the Welsh still retain much of their original polity ; particularly, their law of inheritance, by which their lands are divided equally among the male issue, and do not descend to the oldest son alone.

NOTE H. PAGE 16.

Concilium accitur qua nunc Menevia plorat &c.—Line 55.
A council's summon'd, on their utmost coast,
Where now St. David's mourns, &c.—Line 83.

ST. DAVID'S, anciently called Menevia, Menavia or Menapia, is a town in Pembrokeshire, and was formerly an Archbishop's see. In king Arthur's time, it was the metropolitan of the British church ; and so continued, till the reign of Henry I : at which time, Bernard, who was the 47th Archbishop of St. David's, became suffragan to the see of Canterbury. To this circumstance, the poet aptly alludes, in the passage above quoted. Although it continues to be a bishop's see, the unhealthiness of its situation, and the barrenness of the soil, have reduced it to a single street of miserable cottages. The only remains, of its former glory, are the Cathedral and the bishop's palace. The former is an ancient and venerable building, 300 feet long, and about 137 feet wide : the east end of it is in ruins ; the western part and choir are in good repair. The latter, once large and magnificent, is an extensive ruin.

NOTE I. PAGE 18.

Sic Cadvaladeri &c.—Line 71.
As long as great Cadwallader's name, &c.—Line 111.

CADWALLADER OR CAEDWALLA, as the name was formerly written, was king of the ancient Britons ; who, in

conjunction with Penda, king of Mercia, fought a great battle against the forces of Northumberland, in which Edwin their king, and his son Osfrid were both slain. The kingdom of Northumberland being divided, Osrick, king of Deiri, perished in battle against Cædwalla; and Eanfrid of Bernicia, was soon afterwards taken off by treachery. Oswald, the brother of Eanfrid, again invaded the kingdom, about the year 634, and gained a bloody and well disputed battle against Cædwalla. This is said to have been the last vigorous effort the Britons made against the Saxons.

Note K. Page 20.

Taffi.—St. David, commonly called St. Taffy, is the tutelary saint of the Welsh. The variation of the name is easily accounted for, by the fact, that the Welsh use T for D, and F for V. Hence Shakspeare in his Henry V. introduces Fluellen as expressing himself thus:

"Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself," &c.

Again, "Capt. Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman," &c.

And yet again, "I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed &c.—and please Got of his grace that I might see it."

These examples, which might be multiplied, are sufficient to show how readily, by a Welshman's organs of speech, St. Davy would be changed into St. Taffy.

Note L. Page 24.

"*Divina Palladis arte*"—*Line* 125.

By Palladian art &c.—*Line* 191.

The classick reader will, at once recognise this phrase as a quotation from Virg. Ænei. B. II. ver. 15. and is there applied to the construction of the Trojan horse, by which stratagem, the city was taken. It is here used in a truly satirical style, in reference to the invention of the Mouse-trap.—Pallas, one of the names of Minerva, the daughter of Jupiter's brain, was so called, either, because she killed the giant Pallas; or, according to others, from the spear which she appears (παλλειν) to brandish. She is the goddess of wisdom and all the useful arts.

Note M. Page 26.

Parcæ—*Line* 136. *The fatal Three*—*Line* 203. The poetical Fates or Destinies. In the ancient mythology, they were powerful goddesses, who were supposed to preside

over the birth, life and death of mankind. Clotho, the youngest, held a distaff in her hand, and presided over the hour of birth.—Lechesis is represented as turning a wheel and drawing out the thread, and, therefore, directing the events of life.—Atropos, the eldest, is clad in a black veil, holding a pair of scissors, ready to cut off the thread of human life. According to some, these destinies were subject to none of the gods, except Jupiter; while others assert, that even Jupiter himself could not control their power. The above allusion to this poetical fable is elegant and striking, though applied to so small an event, as the death of a mouse.

Note N. Page 30.

Sic olim in retia Marsus actus aper &c.—Line 176.
So, as of old, the furious Marsian boar—Line 258.

The Marsi were a nation of Germany, who afterwards settled in a part of Italy; which abounded in wild boars and other ferocious beasts. This figure, like several already noticed, being a comparison of small things to great, possesses peculiar force and beauty, and serves to raise the edge of the satire.

Note O. Page 32.

Pembrochia—Line 192. *Pembroke—Line* 280. A shire in South Wales; and derives its name from the county town. The air of this county is very salubrious, and the soil fertile. It has but few mountains, and these, chiefly in the North-Eastern part, yield good pasture for cattle and sheep. Towards the sea-coasts, the land extends into rich meadows and corn-fields. This county abounds with cattle, sheep and goats.

Note P. Page 32.

Mervinia—Line 192—The ancient name of *Merioneth*, *Line* 280, a shire or county in North Wales. The air of this district is very sharp in winter, on account of its high barren mountains. The soil is as poor as any in Wales, being very rocky and mountainous. It however feeds large flocks of sheep and goats, and vast herds of horned cattle.

Note Q. Page 32.

Bonium—Line 193, The ancient name of *Bangor—Line* 281, is a small city of Caernarvonshire, in North Wales; sit-

uated on the banks of the Deva, in a narrow valley, between two ridges of slate rock. In former times, it was so considerable a town, that it was called 'BANGOR THE GREAT ;' and was defended by a strong castle, but it is now an inconsiderable place.

NOTE R. PAGE 32.

Maridunum Line 193. The ancient name of *Caermarthen—Line* 281, the capital town of a county of that name in South Wales, situated in a fruitful valley, on the acclivity of a steep hill, on the North branch of the river Towey or Towy. It is of great antiquity, being the Maridunum of Ptolemy. This town is famed as the birth-place of the celebrated magician MERLIN AMBROSE. Near the town, is a wood, called *Merlin's Grove;* where he is said to have retired often for contemplation. And on Martin's hill, near the tower, is a rock called *Merlin's Chair*, from which his prophecies are supposed to have been uttered. Many of his pretended predictions are still preserved in the country.

NOTE S. PAGE 32.

Fœcunda Glamorgan—Line 194. *Fat Glamorgan—Line* 283. A county in S. Wales, deriving its name, as some suppose, from a contraction of the Welsh words *Gwald Morgan*, or the County of Morgan ; from a Prince of that name, said to have been killed, 800 years before the birth of Christ. Others derive the name from *Mor*, signifying *sea*, this being a maritime county.—The Northern part is very mountainous and barren, and, consequently, thinly inhabited. Here, however, is the source of several streams, which run to the South, through vales gradually enlarging, to which they add great fertility. The Southern part is so remarkably fertile, pleasant and populous, that it has been styled the *Garden of Wales.* Hence the poet calls it "Fœcunda Glamorgan."

NOTE T. PAGE 32.

Et Vagæ potor—Line 195.

And those that drink the Wye—Line 284.

The WYE, anciently called VAGA, is a river of Wales, which rises in Cardiganshire, forms a natural boundary between the counties of Brecknock and Radnor in Wales, runs through Hereford, Gloucester and Monmouth, in

England, and falls into the Severn, a small distance below Chepstow.

NOTE U. PAGE 32.

Rigidusque colonus Gomerici montis—*Line* 196.
Montgomery's sturdy clowns.—*Line* 284.

Montgomery is a city in North Wales, and capital of the county of the same name; so called from Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, who built the castle. It is called by the Welsh, Tre Baldwin; that is, Baldwin's town; having been built by Baldwin, Lieutenant of the marches of Wales, in the reign of William I. The air of this county is pleasant and salubrious; but the land, being extremely mountainous, is not very fertile, except in the valleys. Some of the Eastern parts, being more level, are extremely fruitful; especially a pleasant vale, through which the Severn passes, in beautiful meanders.

NOTE V. PAGE 36.

PLINLIMMON is one of the principal mountains in Wales. It lies partly in Montgomery and partly in Cardiganshire, and constitutes a boundary between the Northern and Southern divisions of the Principality.

NOTE W. PAGE 36.

Brechin vel *Brechinia*—*Line* 229—*Brecknock* or *Brecon*—*Line* 328—is a town and county in South Wales. It is said to have derived its name from BRECAN, famous in legendary story; who succeeded to it about the commencement of the 5th century. Sublimity and beauty are said to be strikingly combined in the general scenery of this county. Its mountains, rising in rugged majesty, are separated from each other by rich and cultivated vales; whose winding rivers are overhung, on either side, by the rich and variegated foliage of lofty and extensive woods. The principal mountain in this county is Vann, or Brecknock Beacon, which is reckoned the loftiest in South Wales.

NOTE X. PAGE 36.

SNOWDON is a high mountainous range in Caernarvonshire, in North Wales, the general elevation of which is from one to three thousand feet. The highest peak, which is 3,700 feet above the level of the sea, is the highest mountain, not only in Wales, but even in England.

Note Y. Page 36.

Offæ fossa.—Line 230. *Offa's dyke.—Line* 330.

Offa was the king of Mercia; the largest, if not the most powerful kingdom of the Heptarchy; comprehending all the middle counties of England. He ascended the throne A. D. 755. He was possessed of some great qualities, and was successful in many warlike enterprises. But he was an ambitious, perfidious, bigoted prince.—He invited Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, to Hereford, to receive his daughter in marriage; and treacherously murdered his royal guest, in his own palace; and then seized upon his kingdom. To wipe off this stain from his character, in the view of the world, or to appease the accusations of his own conscience, he paid great court to the clergy, and practised all the monkish austerities, which were so much esteemed in that ignorant and superstitious age. He gave the *tenth* of his goods to the church; made rich donations to the cathedral of Hereford; and even performed a pilgrimage to Rome; where his great power and riches could not fail of procuring him the papal absolution, even for his deed of blood. The better to ingratiate himself with the sovereign Pontiff, he engaged to send him a yearly donation, for the support of an English college at Rome: and in order to raise the sum, he imposed the tax of a penny on each house possessed of thirty pence a year. This imposition being afterwards levied on all England, was denominated "Peter's *pence*."—Feigning to be directed by a vision from heaven, he pretended to have discovered, at Verulam, the relicks of St. Alban, the martyr; and he endowed a magnificent monastery in the place. As his kingdom bordered on Wales, in order to defend his subjects from that brave people, he drew out a rampart or ditch, of a hundred miles in length, extending from Bassingwerke, in Flintshire, to the Bristol channel. Hence the poet's allusion to "Offa's dyke."

Note Z. Page 36.

Festivo porro.—L. 234. *With wreaths of leeks, &c.—L.* 337.

The leek is St. Taffy's badge, and is annually worn by the Welsh on the 1st day of March, in honour of their patron. This practice is recognised by Shakspeare.

Thus Fluellen says to the king: "I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek on Saint Tavy's day."

And again Gower says to Fluellen, "Nay, that's right: but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past."

Note AA. Page 54.

This my heart charm'd, this stupified my senses—

On this line of the Ode, the Translator makes the following critical remark:

"Mr. Phillips, in his celebrated translation of this ode, as published in Addison's Spectator, No. 229, (I humbly conceive,) mistakes the genuine sense of the original, in this place. His translation runs thus:

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
'And rais'd such tumults in my breast;'

which seems expressive of an impetuous ruffle, which is a real pain, and incompatible with the happiness supposed in the first stanza, as well as inconsistent with the general design of the Ode; which is, I think, to present, not the violent perturbation, but the ecstatick silence, the soft confusion, the gentle, thrilling, trembling, panting, dying, and yet pleasing sensations of love: in a word, to describe, not the tumultuous emotions, but the soft languishments of that tender passion."

The correctness of these remarks will be duly appreciated by any one who is capable of reading this much admired ode in the original; which, it is believed, fully sustains the above criticism.

Note BB. Page 62.

The date here referred to, as noted on the original manuscript (Nov. 7th, 1754) constituted an *epoch* in the author's life, which appears to have made a deep and lasting impression on his mind; of which, not only the anniversary, but even the monthly recurrence is particularly noticed in his diary for many years. In consequence, either of close confinement to study, or some other cause, our author became subject, for several years, to violent paroxysms, that indicated, at least in his own opinion, some organick derangement at the seat of life; and induced the apprehension of a sudden dissolution. The first of these occurred on the above mentioned day, and is thus noticed:

"How solemn and awful is it to reflect on the occurrences of the last evening! I came home to my lodgings in a thoughtless, secure state, thinking of nothing but the diversions I had just left, when, in a moment, nature seemed oppressed, and just ready to dissolve. The violence of the symptoms appeared to indicate that death was at hand. Then, O my soul! how awful and tremendous were thy prospects! In one minute I expected to have been in eternity, and appear before the Judge of heaven and earth. O! the agonizing horrour I then felt! What soul so hardy as not to tremble under the immediate expectation of divine wrath! Then I would have given ten thousand worlds for an interest in the Saviour. Glory be to God, I am alive to-day, but the struggles of nature make it doubtful whether it is not my last."

So much seemed necessary to a correct understanding of the allusions in this Ode. It may be satisfactory to the reader to add, that, after several years, the recurrence of these paroxysms entirely ceased; and the author enjoyed

a general state of good health, until he was nearly sixty years of age; when his death occurred in as sudden a manner as he had anticipated, on the memorable night referred to, in the above extract from his diary.

Note CC. Page 66.

More splendid titles did thy name adorn—

"Besides sustaining several other considerable offices, civil and military, he was, a number of years, a member of the Continental Congress."

Note DD. Page 71.

I see my time inglorious glide away,
Obscure and useless, &c.

"The author here alludes to his want of employment in his profession, while an exile in Connecticut; and his disappointment in not obtaining a commission in the army."

Entire correctness was aimed at in this publication, but the following errours have escaped correction in the proof, which the reader is requested to adjust with his pen. Notice of any other errours in orthography, quantity or other particular, that may be observed, will be gratefully received by the Publishers. The old English orthography has been intentionally preserved.

ERRATA.

Page 10, *line* 6, *erase the* h *in* Chambrorum.
21, 10, *erase the* 's *in the word* cat's.
40, 6, *for* tealque *read* telaque.
42, 4, *for* Septra *read* Sceptra.
51, 3, *in the title, for* Redita *read* Reddita.
53, 2, *for* occuli *read* oculi.
54, 7, *for* stupefied *read* stupified.

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